

Correspondence and Postal Reports.

THOUGHTS FOR THE AFFLICTED

WILSONTON, Kan. Feb. 20th 1894.

DEAR BROTHER HARRISON:—I have just been weeping with Esdras and Tobit. Weeping?—Yes, till my eyes were blinded, my sides trembled and my whole spirit pouring out in a holy, Godly sympathy.

I had never read the Apocrapha before, to my shame be it said. This winter the Lord found me out with his judgements.

Influenza, terminating in muscular rheumatism, got hold of me, layed me in bed a few days, and then kept me confined to my room the rest of the winter, just comfortable enough in mind and body, and hungry enough in spirit to enjoy the Bible with a relish.

I made up my mind to go through it again with an especial view to ascertain its especial attitude and bearing upon the unhappy condition of our land, and the great industrial agitation now causing the nations to tremble and fear for their safety.

I got through the Old Testament on last Saturday.

As you are not running a political paper, I will not tell you in this letter just what I found therein of treasures bearing upon the matter prominently before my mind, especially as you have lately been to Chicago, and appear to have caught some ideas there. But I want to tell you what I found that was especially good for me individually, and I want you to share with me its benefits.

Once I had a sweet blue eyed little boy. He's sleeping now—that little three year old cherub—on the eastern slope, far up the mountain ranges.

When he died I said, that is marvelous—that is heartrending—that is greater than I can bear. O my God! why hast thou dealt thus with me? Have I not born aloft my banner? Have I not been very zealous for Thee? Did I not go praying, for the fatal vial that slew my child, and did not my heart burn for Thee and Thy cause: both on my way for the fatal drug, and on the way returning, did I not commune with Thee? Why did'st not Thou prevent my hand, that it should have spilled the fatal dose, and my child should have been spared? So I prayed.

So prayed I again when from a long winter's work of charity, and preaching the Gospel, the hand of disease layed me low, and exiled us from our home and family altar, for nearly a whole year.

Aye! that whole year was a season of continual and heart-rending supplications. So again: when another babe was buried by the first—our home swept away—church membership taken—and we left forever the graves of our own little ones, and journeyed afar off—when all these things came upon us in rapid suc-

cession and we had nothing (so it seemed then) but our God, how like Job we stood, amazed, and wondered where mercy had flown, and where the blessings of God could be found. Ah, Esdras—pleading, mourning, Esdras! Weeping, I thank thee, and my God! Ah, Tobit! How does my tears turn to floods of sacred joy, and how is my heart stayed at thy visitation! How glorious were thy Angel visits! How was the monster foiled that would have devoured thy son! How richly has thy charity, and unwearied self-denial of love been satisfied with the company and sojourning of Raphael! How is all thy sorrow turned to joy and blessings upon thy posterity—although exiles, far from home in a strange land!

Oh that fish Tobit!—that incense! That burning of heart and liver—that application of gall to thine eyes! That banishment of the devil by angels perfume and incense!

He who ignominiously put out thy sight, hurled to Egypt and bound by the fruit of thy loins—that fruit preserved and sanctified by a full month's tuition and companionship at the marvelous touch of a Heavenly scholarship, and a Celestial Guide!

What glory there is for you and me here Brother Harrison!

That lump in thy son's side is as nothing. How God can dissolve it! How it will dissolve before prayer. How it will dissolve into blessing! Oh, I have often been provoked at the doctors—the imbecile doctors. Asa sought them; and the record is, "Asa sleeps with the fathers." When my children have been smitten, latterly, I seek my chamber, and my knees bend, and my heart goes out after the Lord. I wouldn't give the Lord for a thousand doctors. I seek the Lord when I am sick.

Last summer one of our nearest neighbors had a terrible time with Malarial fever. Four of his children were sick, two went to their graves, and he himself was brought low. I sat up with him, frequently, and all night long my heart went up to God. The Lord visited him. Then he refused to take the Doctor's fever medicine, gradually rallied, and is now well.

In a sermon at the M. E. church, last Sunday, the Preacher said that he thought there were two classes that always ought to be paid, preachers and doctors, because, he said, the doctors kept the soul in the body, and the preachers gave it divine nourishment while there. I thought he missed it. He was a good talker and a well educated man, but my soul came away about as lean as it was before he gave me that dose.

I know that the doctors do not keep the soul in the body, and as to the preachers, all they can do is to invite to the nourishment God has provided. Many, though, do not do it, but provide a dish of their own instead.

We are His debtors. Let us pay Him first.

Ever lovingly yours.

J. L. SWITZER.

A SPIGY LETTER.

BUENA, VISTA VA., March 11th, 1894.

DEAR EVANGELIST:—If your columns have not forgotten me, perhaps I might squeeze into a little corner of space long enough to say what I always like to say, a good word for an improved paper, and for the conscientious editor who courageously bears the double burden of affliction and labor. Six months experience as an editor enables me to appreciate more fully than ever before the hardships borne by this class of useful public servants, as well as the grave responsibilities which burden them, so that now when I see a fellow over anxious to mount the tripod, I am reminded of that keen apothegm, the author of which my ignorance forbids me to state, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Among a legion of things which are calculated to test the degree of grace and Christian patience possessed by an editor, perhaps the super-sensitive critic, and the delinquent subscriber are the most exasperating. The more you try to placate the former the worse he gets, and by and by if out of the great abundance of your patience and good nature you lavish upon him the sweetness of your deferential consideration, he will come to think that he is in the place of God, holding your happiness in his nod or your fate in his frown. My present situation has made me more and more profoundly sensible of all my sins against editors, and like a good Christian I would make a thousand apologies and beg a thousand pardons. May this reach all those who are living, and if any are dead may they be rewarded by a good circulation in the happy land of Canaan.

As for the delinquent subscriber, who pays no attention whatever to frequent requests to pay up, whether they be polite, urgent or imperative, who makes it a point of honor never to take a hint, who pockets the stamps which you inclose for a reply and leaves you in eternal ignorance of his intentions, who has such a high opinion of newspaper men as to imagine that they can live like angels on thin air and glory;—well, well, we will not allow the milk of human kindness to be soured even by the contemplation of a delinquent subscriber. We will live and die with him, and over on the other side we will be the first to volunteer to carry a drop of water on the tip of the finger to cool the parched tongue of the poor delinquent subscriber.

I see brother editor that we are having all over the country a good run of evangelistic success, and it certainly makes very good news. The statement is made in various quarters that a season of financial distress and business stagnation is favorable to the evangelistic labor, and it really seems that the facts bear out the theory. I suppose that the argument is that

When a fellow loses pretty much a hope of getting the good things of this world, he turns to the next best thing in his estimation and gets religion. When good times return, improved temporal prospects brings him to himself again, and he lays his piety carefully away so as to have it safe and sound for another panic. It reminds me a little of the "ancient worthies" who put on a sack-cloth shirt and stuck their heads in a pile of ashes when there was trouble around, but who quickly returned to the pleasant paths of sin when the clouds roll by. There is a good deal of sham work in this death-bed scene, grave-yard story, hysterical high pressure-strangely magnetic revival business, and many a church has been almost irretrievably damaged thereby. But we have no doubt that in most cases the injury is due to a disregard of Gospel methods and Gospel teaching. The Rev. Mr. Stirremup has his little plans, and little catch tricks by which he succeeded in corraling a crowd of "converts," who after it is all over realize the deception, and find it difficult to repel a dangerous disgust with themselves, the preacher, the church and everything religious. But I am getting too lengthy and besides, I am getting cranky, so let us bid you good day, and good cheer, and come to an end.

B. C. MOOMAW.

A REVIVALIST SECURED AT ROANOKE IND.

ROANOKE, IND., Mar. 7th 1894.

BRETHREN EVANGELIST:—I am a stranger to you in one respect, yet related in another.

According to previous arrangements a committee was appointed from the three churches, Clear Creek, Roanoke, Zanesville, to arrange for some one to hold a meeting in the City of Huntington. Your humble servant was elected secretary of said honorable body. After considerable discussion as to the way and means a verdict was finally and unanimously agreed upon. We the committee appointed to select a man for the place, select Brother J. H. Palmer, one who has proven himself a workman for the Lord, and who has the respect and confidence of the community. We hope to have a good meeting. The obstacles to meet and overcome will be many.

A committee of the brethren was appointed: Brother Henry Sprinkle, Brother J. M. Keifer and Elder W. M. Hamilton, who shall act as an advisory board in the work. They are good men. We hope now that no one will be so little as to pour cold water on the work, but let us come up like men.

REVIVAL MEETING:—Last Monday night we commenced our protracted meeting here in the Roanoke class. Our pastor, Brother J. H. Palmer, arrived in time to preach for us. Just coming from Zanesville, where he closed a good meeting. The grand revival held here last spring is fresh in our hearts. I speak from personal experience, as I was one of